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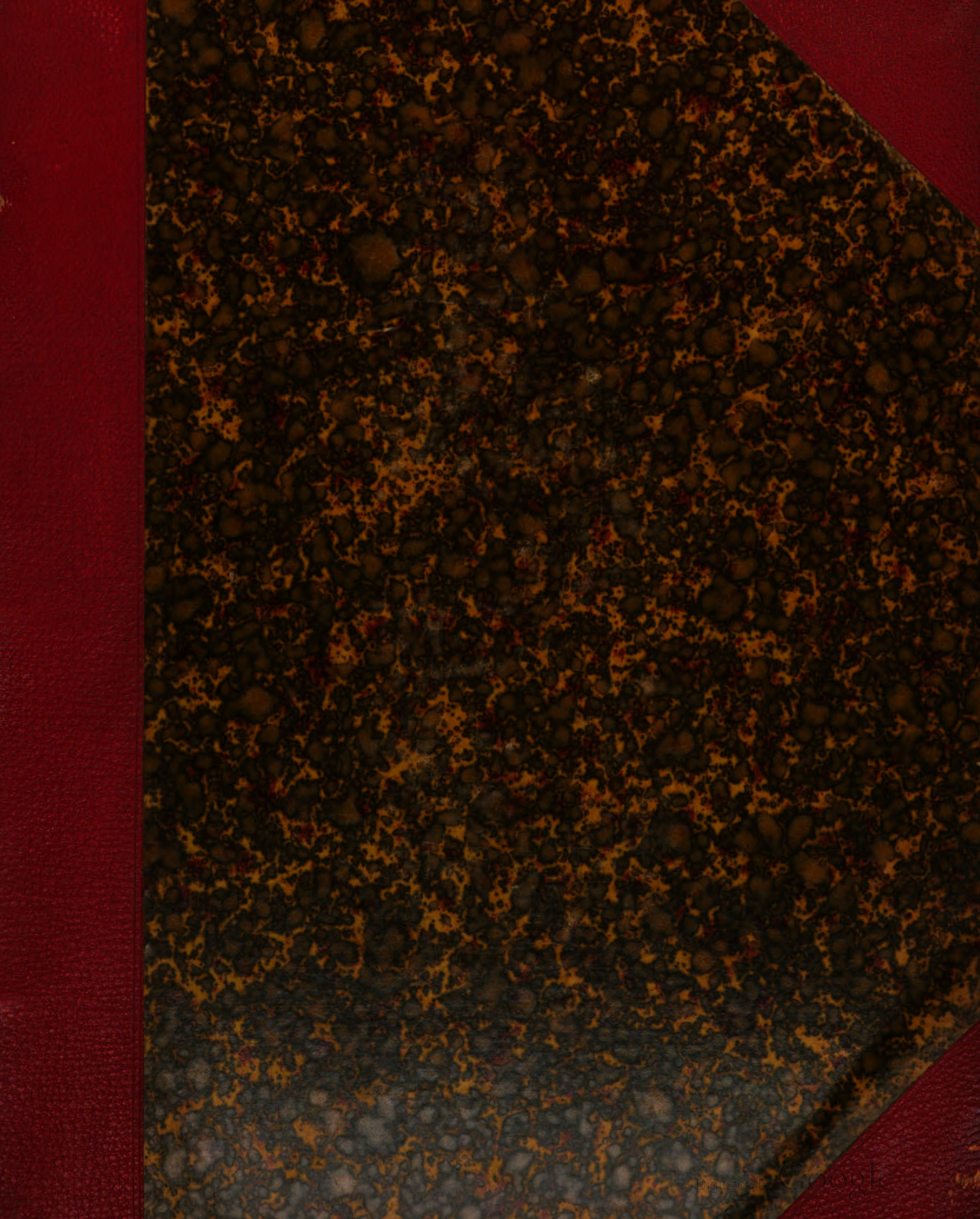
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THE

HARVARD

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VOLUME LI.



CAMBRIDGE.

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THE WEEK.

THERE are those, doubtless, who will regret the adoption by the Faculty of the regulation which permits the work done in the Summer Schools to count for the degree. Some people have a strong prejudice against the encroachments on the summer vacation of anything which goes by the name of teaching or study, and cannot fail to look with disfavor on the encouragement now offered to summer students. There is another class, too, to whom the provision will be unwelcome; a consistent and thorough-going opponent of the three-year plan must have grave reasons for disapproving this disturbance of the regular four-years' work. The move looks very much like a step in the very direction towards which the the supporters of the three-

year project have so resolutely set their faces.

It is true that from one point of view it does seem undesirable to spend a number of weeks of one's summer vacation in study. But the work in the Summer Schools will not by any means be of the same character as the work of the winter; in geology and engineering in particular the student will be kept almost continually out of doors; we might not choose that sort of vacation amusement for ourselves, but there are certainly employments vastly more unpleasant than a summer surveying or geological excursion, and it does not require a great stretch of the fancy to imagine them a positive relaxation. At any rate for those students who have good reason to wish to get their degree as early as possible it will be much better to do the extra work in this way than to grind up the work of a course by themselves in order to anticipate an examination, or to crowd into the rest of the year more than a proper amount of study. Besides, there is a peculiar advantage in the Summer Schools; the attention of the student is limited to one or two subjects on which he can bend all his energies and obtain the inevitable gain which comes from concentration, in a way which the diversified program of the winter work gives no opportunity for. In spite, then, of the vacation enthusiasts and the conservatives, who regret the old times when the college doors were scrupulously locked after Commencement, and the dust allowed to accumulate until the fall examinations, we are glad that the Faculty have decided to legitimize the work done in the Summer Schools. The effect will certainly be to strengthen the schools themselves; and there can hardly fail to be an increase in the influence of the College. In making the

cool, steady, united work, and is one of which the whole college is proud.

The captain of the Freshman nine deserves the warmest praise; a very large part of the credit of Saturday's victory belongs to him. He has never let up in his efforts to develop a strong team in spite of all sorts of discouragements; indeed, discouragements have only seemed to add fuel to his energetic spirit. Now that success has finally crowned his exertions it is a great pleasure to offer our congratulations to Captain Lowell and the men who helped him to achieve that success.

The men who have been training all year under the direction of Mr. Lathrop in track and field athletics completed on May 30 the good work which they begun on May 16, and enrolled the name of Harvard for the second time on the new intercollegiate cup. The University may well be proud of this year's Mott Haven team for, with the possible exception of the '88 team, it is certainly the best we have ever had. A fair index of the all around strength of the team is found in this: that although all the colleges are unusually strong in track and field sports this year, Harvard won the cup by a comparatively larger number of points than has ever been scored by a winning team before. The '88 team scored forty-seven points, but the other teams were not strong that year, and besides five of the points were scored by the tug-of-war team; so that this year's team is really the stronger. The thanks of the whole college are due to the men who have trained so faithfully all year, and to the captain who has so admirably managed the team.

In this connection there has been some criticism of the policy of taking only thirty-one men to New York, when in many of the events there were men who were not taken who could do as good or better work than men who have been taken in previous years. It has been said that these men have worked hard all year in the hope of being taken to New York; and more than this that even though they could not hope to win any points this year, still the experience gained would make them much more valuable

men another year. No one will deny the truth of all this. But there is also something to be said on the other side. In the first place, the Athletic Association took as many men to New York as it could afford to take this year; money is always a scarce article with University teams. Then, too, there is not much doubt that Captain Moën took all the men to the games who could have won points for Harvard. And finally he is right in holding that it is a good thing to steadily raise the standard of the team. In this way the candidates for the team will be kept at the top notch all the year; whereas if it is known that a fifty-three second man in the quarter mile will be taken to New York, a man who might by the hardest and most persistent work become a second or two faster will take things easily and remain just within limit. The raising of the standard makes it a more honorable thing to be a member of the team, and this gives the candidates a new incentive for hard work. For these reasons we feel that the Captain of the team was right in limiting the number of men on the team this year.

The return of the annual inspection of the Observatory by the Seniors brings up again the old question why, with such an equipment, no instruction in astronomy is offered to students. Twenty or more years ago there was an opportunity given to students here to learn something of astronomy. Professor Lovering gave a course in the College; and, somewhat later, work in astronomy was part of the regular requirements for the degree of M. E. That was in the days of the Hooper Mining School; and when that was discontinued the course in astronomy went with it. Since then the subject has been discussed periodically, and more than one attempt made to get some such course reestablished; but the rejoinder has always been the same,—that there are no funds to be applied for such a purpose.

In the Scientific School, perhaps, rests our greatest hope of such a course. The School has grown greatly in recent years; and its prosperity may prove sufficient to enable it to offer astronomical instruction from its own resources. Such instruction would have peculiar appropri-

ateness there, for students in engineering have not got their best equipment until they have some knowledge of astronomy. In the National Coast Survey the promotion of an engineer will depend in part on his possession of some such knowledge. There is another reason why the Scientific School should provide instruction in this branch of science; for in doing so it will be following out the principles on which it was founded. It was established when scientific subjects were not recognized as having the importance in general education which is now given to them. Scientific courses were not then accepted for the degree of A. B.; and the influence of the School in bringing about the change to the present system has not been slight. There would be, then, an added triumph for the School if it should give to undergraduates the opportunity for the study of astronomy, while the College declares itself to be still too poor to afford any instruction in this important branch of science.

It is hard, however, to give up the idea that the Observatory might support a course in its department. The endowment is a rich one, the income for last year according to the Treasurer's report being hardly less than that of the Law School. Part of the funds are restricted in their application, so that it would be impossible to devote them to any other object than that of research. But, unless we are mistaken, there is some money available for other purposes, if it could be demonstrated that these other purposes were more important than original investigation. The position of the Director on the matter is pretty clear,—he appreciates to the full the value of the original research which is conducted there under such favorable circumstances and does not think it right to impair this value by any withdrawal of attention. The work accomplished is, as everyone knows, exceedingly valuable, and every Harvard man may well be proud of it. But it would be interesting to have a more complete statement of why the one

function of the University, that of research, is allowed to absorb entirely the other function, that of instruction. If it be true that there is absolutely no money available, there is nothing, of course, to do but wait for the generosity of some one who is willing to endow a new professorship, or to put our faith in the Scientific School. But if this is not the case, with all due deference to the Director we would present our opinion of the value of some sort of instruction in astronomy.

If we did not become in a way used to it, so as to take it as a matter of course, the absence of all mention of astronomy in the elective pamphlet would be a source of continual wonder. We grow, in a way, to feel that the science must be vastly inferior to other sciences, and that there can be little to learn in it; for if this were not the case why at such a University, where there are two professorships in cryptogamic botany, is there not some way found to give us the opportunity to study it? At other colleges it forms part of the regular work; and if we are to take the word of those who have had the chance to study it, it is as interesting and profitable as other sciences. We have elementary courses in geology, botany, and zoology; does anyone doubt that a course in elementary astronomy would not prove just as attractive? The need of the popular elementary course is the one felt most closely; yet grant the desirability of that, and it is an easy step to the establishment of a regular series of courses as in other sciences. The work of the Scientific School is, as we have said, imperfect without any instruction in astronomy. And so important a branch of science cannot be neglected without in a way crippling the usefulness of other kindred sciences. It seems almost superfluous to argue the question; the desirability of the addition of astronomy to the University instruction seems so very obvious that to support it seems little more than to pronounce truisms. Yet there is still the lack in the elective pamphlet.

DANDELIONS.

DANDELIONS, green and golden yellows,
Hiding through the grass in threes and fours;
Early, hardy, cheery little fellows,
Hanging here and growing out of doors.
Hanging here? Yes painted in a picture,
Joy through all the busy winter hours;
Reading me full many a happy lecture
Oft unheeded in the growing flowers.
Mixed of sunlight and the western heavens
When the King shines on some other land,
Just a disc of gold, this flower leavens
Thoughts too often hard to understand.

P. H. Savage.

GOODALE'S REVIVAL.

GOODALE came to college what might be called a religious tough. One evening when he and Horton and a few friends were discussing a certain divinity student, Goodale remarked: "All ministers are hypocrites." It was a very indiscreet remark to make in a general company. Among the men who heard him were one or two sincere Christians, and a number of others who held religion sacred, — sacred from every-day use or outside criticism. Consequently Goodale was severely rebuked in the incoherent and violent discussion which his remark provoked. He was silenced, more from the volume and loudness of his opponent's arguments than from their force.

Goodale was rather proud of his agnosticism, although he said, and sincerely thought, that he would give almost anything to have the serene faith of some people. To Horton this impiety of Goodale's was especially unpleasant. He was himself rather devout, and Goodale's agnosticism seemed to him cheap and unworthy of a man with high ideals. He tried to convert him by argument, and by taking him to chapel.

Goodale had a sincere admiration and liking for Horton, and felt flattered at the value Hor-

ton set on his soul. He went willingly to Chapel with him — unless he had some studying to do, or some girl he wanted to call on — enjoyed the music and criticised the minister.

"The trouble with you," said Horton to him, one Sunday night in his Junior year, "is that you don't go to church in the right spirit."

"You are mistaken," answered Goodale earnestly. "I went tonight with the wish to be improved, and not to find fault. I tried to fix my mind on the services and forget all else. I looked at the minister: he was a coarse-looking man, with fat, puffy cheeks. He stood up in the pulpit to give out the hymn. He opened his mouth to speak: it looked wide and black, in consonance with the rest of his face."

"'Let us sing the two hundred and thirty-fourth hymn,' he said solemnly; 'the two hundred and thirty-fourth.'"

"It's a nice way to condemn a man for his looks and the way he gives out his hymns," interrupted Horton.

"And then he preached about a harp and a lamb, somehow, and I couldn't make head or tail out of it; though I ought to, for his words came slowly and distinctly, with ev-er-y syl-la-

ble sep-ar-ate-ly pronounced, like the words in *Life's Primer*, only not half so bright. 'It is hard not to linger on the beau-ti-ful image that is giv-en to us,' — and evidently it was too hard for him; for he had lingered and lingered till I thought I should die."

Horton sat in silence, while Goodale continued vehemently: —

"Although I tried my best to follow, I couldn't help thinking how much his style would be benefited by English 12, and how much English C would help his argumentative powers. — Argument! He could no more argue than he could fly straight to heaven. He made assertions: 'There is no good outside of Christianity'; 'If religion is morality tinged with emotion, it is a base thing.' Then, since no one contradicted him, he made other assertions; 'A minority in this world can be good without religion,' and then he prayed for, 'The emotion which is religion.'"

Goodale stopped and poked the fire with an energy such as Luther might have shown when he threw the ink-bottle at the Devil. Then he continued more quietly.

"When we read a novel, we probably read what has taken six months to write; when we go to a concert, we hear music that may have taken a year to compose: but when we go to church, we hear something on the most difficult subject in the universe, on which a second-rate man has probably spent two days. When he prays we hear a string of incoherent, drivelling pieces of advice to God, interspersed with protestations of our own inferiority and humility, and ending up with the hope that nevertheless God will act on our suggestions."

This little ebullition took place during the fall of Goodale's Junior year. A few months later, just before Christmas, the renowned Dr. Burton from Liverpool paid Harvard a short visit. Goodale happened to hear him preach, the first Sunday that he was here, and while listening to him he forgot all about the minister's looks and Harvard's English courses. He heard a *man* speaking: a man who had temptations as other men had, and who did not seem to have put off his earthly robe of human pas-

sions and put on a saintly robe of Christian perfectness as easily as one changes a football suit for one of broadcloth. Doctor Burton seemed to address himself directly to Goodale as one man to another. He did not prate about harps and lambs and girding up of loins; he did not hurl fiery denunciations at the Pharisees, nor blame other peoples and other times: but he spoke directly to Goodale of his own commonplace temptations and unpicturesque sorrows; and he spoke sympathetically, and understandingly, not with the unhumanness of a condescending god.

Goodale went to hear Dr. Burton every chance he got during the next few weeks. On the evening before the Christmas recess, Dr. Burton was to give the students an informal talk in Holden Chapel. When Goodale got to the door he found the room so full that he could not enter. He therefore went round to a side window that was open, and stood there with some other students listening to Dr. Burton's words. That evening Dr. Burton spoke in even a more personal tone than before; and there was not a note that rang false through it all. He spoke of study and of athletics; and it was evident that the athletics were not merely put in for oratorical purposes, — Doctor Burton spoke like a man who knew the difference between putting the shot and pole-vaulting.

When at last the Doctor began to pray, Goodale took off his cap and bowed his head. Next to him was standing a handsome, dissipated-looking student. After a moment's hesitation he, too, took off his hat. When the prayer was done, the students at the window went away in different directions, each one avoiding the other's eyes.

Goodale walked slowly homeward, more moved towards religion than he had ever been before in his life. He tried to think of some sacrifice that he might make in order to prove his earnestness to himself. When he got to his room he wrote half a dozen letters to Doctor Burton to thank him for what he had done for him; but none of them suited him, and he threw them all into the grate. Then he put out his lamp and sat for a long time watching the lumps of cannel coal that he put on the fire

split up and burn brightly for a while, and then relapse into the normal flameless glow of the fire. He was still hunting for the great leaf that he was to turn over. When at last he found it, he groaned.

"I can't do it: make up to that vile Slynie, — I haven't spoken to the beggar since I came to college."

It wasn't very pleasant, the idea of apologising to a fellow whom you despised, and whom you had insulted, and treated as almost below contempt. It wasn't romantic a bit, this becoming a Christian, if one had to shake hands — Ugh! the bare idea made his right hand feel greasy. But Goodale made up his mind to it at last, and went to bed with a conscience easier for the pleasant Christmas vacation that he was going home the next day to enjoy.

Towards the end of his Senior year, Goodale

was sitting with Horton on the steps of Matthews, when a little man passed with the pleasant smile of a popular man. He was to be a minister, but he didn't speak of it any oftener than was necessary. He was very popular with most fellows.

"It makes me awfully tired to hear that man tell smutty stories," said Horton. "I don't pretend to be a saint myself, but I think a theologian should be a little better than the common run. It isn't as if it were a great temptation. One might forgive a minister for drinking or even for committing adultery. But this petty viciousness is disgusting."

"Half the ministers are damned hypocrites any way"; growled Goodale. Which showed that Goodale had modified his original assertion by half. He had never shaken hands with Slynie.

Kenneth Brown.

A TOAST TO CLARINDA.

ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

I SING to Clarinda whom Time hath to-day
 With his beauty-tipped wand touched again, as in play.
 For the wave of his wand o'er Clarinda's fair head
 Hath but added new grace, deepened lips' and cheeks' red.

How fair doth appear the full-grown, perfect rose!
 Yet fairer by far is the rose-bud which shows
 A beauty not wholly developed,—whose blush
 Is the eastern sky mirrored at early morn's hush.

As the rose-bud's soft petals by sun and by dew
 Are gradually opened, so Time brings to view,
 Each grace of Clarinda's, each beauty of mind.
 And I, with her image in my heart enshrined,

Say,—“Here's to Clarinda whom Time hath to-day
 With his grace-giving wand touched again, as in play.
 May her future be bright as her smile's radiant light
 Which gleams on my soul's inward eye through the night.”

Walter C. Nichols.

IN THE VATICAN.

THE fact was, I was pretty tired. We had been tramping over Rome all morning, and though there were many new and beautiful things to see, there were certain members of our party who made work out of what should have been pleasure.

We entered the Vatican about eleven, and for a while strolled aimlessly around together; but in course of time we scattered: some going ahead, some to one side, some to another, and a few lagging behind to gaze at things which especially pleased their fancy. I don't know exactly which direction I took,—it was all a matter of no great consequence to me, except I remember that I was rather glad to be off by myself for a while. I wandered on, my hat under my arm, my hands in my pockets, and contentment and indifference in my mind. In about half an hour I turned into a long corridor. A chair near by looked so inviting that I sat down, but with no more thought of where I was

than if I had been alone in my room. I was so tired, and everything about me so quiet and restful that pretty soon the objects on the opposite wall had a dimness to them,—I had to look twice, and even once again to make them out. Then a feeling of dreamy sweetness stole over me. I closed my eyes, and now I saw visions, fading away one after another until at last even these became vague and diffused.

I awoke with a start. Two well armed men held me fast by the shoulders. Others stood about me. Several were talking rapidly,—talking at me. They shook me, pulled me out of my chair, and hurried me along, all talking angrily in Italian. I didn't understand at first, but as I glanced back over my shoulders I saw a body of men approaching; a number were carrying a great chair, and high upon it, robed in gorgeous scarlet and purple,—yes, I understood then—sat the Pope of Rome.

W. D. Howe.

WHY BENTON BELIEVES IN CLAIRVOYANCY.

“IF you have never tried it, I don't see why you say it's all nonsense,” she said.

“It's against all the rules of common sense,” replied Benton. “The very idea of an illiterate woman having such power, is simply ridiculous.”

He had attacked clairvoyancy merely because Miss Dale defended it. She always knit her brows at him so thoughtfully, regarded him so earnestly from those bright hazel eyes, and pursed up that dainty little mouth of hers so bewitchingly, that Benton could never resist the temptation of an argument with her.

Before coming to college Benton had known Ethel Dale slightly. They both lived in St. Louis, and had come east at the same time—he to enter Harvard, and she to live with an aunt in Boston and finish her education there. In his Freshman year he talked to his acquaintances

about the “pretty little western girl” he called on so often; in his Sophomore year he spoke of “Miss Dale” only to his most intimate friends; and now in his Junior year—well, he never mentioned her name at all, but was prone to talk of the “ideal woman” and the “western girl easternized.” Had he been a poet, the college papers would probably have had to reject numerous verses “To Ethel”; but as it was, the only bit of sentiment he was guilty of, was to sit alone by his fire and imagine two bright eyes peering at him through the wreaths of his tobacco smoke.

“And do you actually believe in this nonsense?” continued Benton.

“Your philosophical department believes in it,” she replied.

“That isn't the question. Do *you* believe in it?”

Miss Dale folded her hands demurely. “Yes,

"I do," she said emphatically. "Now are you satisfied?"

Benton only groaned.

"Oh, I was just as skeptical as you once," she continued, "but I was converted. We used to have quite an intelligent seamstress, in St. Louis who became a clairvoyant after she left us. I happened to notice her advertisement in a Boston paper, and went to see her. She didn't know who I was at all, and still she told me the most wonderful things about myself."

"How does she go about it?" asked Benton.

"Well, she takes you into a dark room and sits down directly opposite to you. The theory is, you know, that your thoughts show themselves by the twitching of the nerves in your fingers; so all through the séance she holds your hand. Then she falls into a trance and tells your fortune. She calls you some strange Indian name—she called me 'Pocahontas'—and talks in a shrill, piping voice that's awfully weird. All of a sudden she says 'good bye' and won't say another word. You'd better have a séance some day; it's great fun and I'm sure you'd enjoy it. I've been round to see her quite often, just to talk with her, and she isn't a bit of a fraud."

But Benton absolutely refused to go. The principle of the thing was utterly bad, he said, and he did not believe in encouraging such tomfoolery. Miss Dale tried in vain to convince him, and really felt somewhat piqued when he said good night, apparently entirely unmoved by her persuasions. In reality Benton had thought of going from the first, and now as he walked out to Cambridge, decided to visit the clairvoyant at his earliest opportunity.

A few days after this conversation Benton went to have a séance. The house to which he was addressed was on one of those strange old streets around Beacon Hill, and "Miss Johnson, Clairvoyant," was on the second floor front. As he ascended the steps, he glanced up at the second story windows; they were ordinary enough, being hung with old fashioned lace curtains. He rang Miss Johnson's bell twice before anybody came. The door was finally opened by a short, delicate woman, with rather a pleas-

ant expression; she looked as most seamstresses do, except that there was more intelligence about her face.

"Is Miss Johnson in?" inquired Benton.

The woman scrutinized him closely. "I'm her; sit down and wait, I'll be ready in a moment; and when that door opens, walk right in." She pointed to a door just opposite, and herself went out by a third door, which Benton heard her bolt on the other side. He was kept waiting for almost a quarter of an hour, and was just becoming impatient, when the door slowly swung open. It was perfectly dark inside, but Benton entered without hesitation.

He was hardly in, when a dark figure brushed past him, locked the door, and took out the key. Benton could feel his heart give a sudden bump against his side, and his hand instinctively felt for his watch. The dark figure now came towards him and said in a tremulous voice: "Two dollars, please." Benton kept a firm hold on his purse as he passed over the money.

As soon as his eyes became used to the darkness, Benton noticed that the chairvoyant was short and rather slight; in case of a row, he thought, he could easily manage her. She was dressed entirely in black, with a black veil over her face, and a heavy black shawl wrapped completely around her body. Her hair was entirely concealed by a covering of white lace, which looked unnaturally bright in comparison with her dark clothing. She motioned him to sit down and drew up her chair directly opposite. Her whole appearance was so strange and uncanny, that Benton could not help shivering slightly as she reached out for his hand, for he expected to feel something moist and cold. To his astonishment her hand was soft and warm, and its very touch seemed to dispel his fear.

After sitting in this position for some moments, the chairvoyant began to breathe heavily, and finally gave a deep sigh. By this time Benton had entirely recovered his nerve.

"Are you in a trance now?" he inquired rather incredulously.

The chairvoyant slowly nodded her head: "I will tell you about your character, brave," she

said in a shrill, piping voice. The tone sounded so affected and unnatural, that Benton became more and more skeptical.

She certainly gave him a very flattering character; but while she was telling him of his great perservance, industry etc., Benton thought to himself that all this would seem true to anybody with a fair amount of conceit. When she paused, he said:

"What you have said so far is very general; now, can you tell me something more definite?"

The chairvoyant seemed a little nettled, and Benton could feel a slight tremor in her hand.

"I will tell you about your past, brave," she said at length.

The result was perfectly startling. She told him some of the most minute details of his life at home and at college, and finally said that he had lately lost a friend, whose spirit she saw hovering around him. It was only a week since one of Benton's classmates had died. He looked at the veiled figure before him with a feeling of awe, and the strange uncanniness of the thing began to come over him again.

"Have you any questions, brave?" the chairvoyant asked abruptly. Without taking time to consider, Benton inquired: "Will Harvard or Yale win the base ball match next Saturday?"

"Harvard," replied the chairvoyant immediately. "Have you any more questions?"

Suddenly it occurred to him to ask about Ethel. The very idea of this increased his excitement; he could feel his heart beating fast again, and was afraid he could not control his voice. At length he pointed to a little piece of black ribbon which Miss Dale had given him and which he wore in his buttonhole:

"I am in love with the girl who gave me this," he said, "and am thinking of proposing to her in a few days. Shall I do it?"

The chairvoyant again seemed nettled, and there was the same slight tremor in her hand. After a pause she said:

"Do you think you love her, brave?"

"I am sure of it," replied Benton.

For almost five minutes the clairvoyant sat perfectly silent and motionless, while Benton

could hardly control his agitation. At length she spoke, deliberately, as if weighing every word:

"When Harvard wins the game next Saturday, go to her immediately. If she asks you to dinner — propose?"

"Do you mean that she'll accept me?" cried Benton eagerly.

"Good bye, brave," said the clairvoyant suddenly dropping his hand. She glided to the door and opened it, then disappeared through a door at the other side of the room. Benton watched her till she was gone, then rose mechanically and hurried out into the street. If Harvard won that game on Saturday he would be a convert to clairvoyancy.

Saturday afternoon came at last, and Benton was almost the first man on the field, for he really could not keep away. Benton had never seen so exciting a game in his life. Whenever Yale made a run, he thought that the game was lost, and whenever Harvard made a run, he acted like a maniac. In the last half of the ninth inning, with the score tied Dean knocked his great home run into the willows in left field, and Harvard had won, 9 to 8. Benton was off like a flash, tearing past the gymnasium and rushing on through the yard. At length, all breathless he jumped on the back platform of a car. The first condition was fulfilled, Harvard had won; now — would she ask him to dinner?

It was not till he was on the doorstep and had rung the bell, that Benton began to think what he was doing. Probably she had been to the game with some other fellow. This apprehension was soon removed by the servant girl, who said that Miss Dale was in and would be down directly.

"So far everything has gone right," thought Benton as he paced up and down the parlor to recover his composure. Suddenly his eye happened to wander into the back room. He started involuntarily. There, standing with her back towards him, was the figure of a woman dressed entirely in black, except for some white lace wrapped about her head. For some moments Benton stood still. "What the devil is that

clairvoyant doing here ; has she given me away to Ethel?" he muttered. The very idea of this made him furious. He went up and tapped her roughly on the shoulder.

The clairvoyant slowly turned — she had no veil on this time, and a pair of bright hazel eyes looked up at him roguishly. "Will you stay to dinner, Mr. Benton?" she said.

During the evening Ethel managed to tell him that she had been calling on the clairvoyant one day and was sitting at the window, when she

saw him on the steps. She persuaded the clairvoyant to let her play the trick, and being about her figure, managed to disguise herself completely.

"Imagine my feelings," she concluded "while I was thinking how to answer your last question."

"But how on earth did you know that Harvard was going to win?" inquired Benton.

"Oh that was by clairvoyancy," laughed Ethel. "Do you believe in it now?"

"Do I!" said Benton.

F. W. Nicolls.

A POOR SCHOLAR.

I THOUGHT to teach my wayward Heart
To scorn Love's fantasy, and learn
That Life is but a chance to spurn
All pleasure and delight, a day
Fit for some noble task, ere night
Come down, and daylight flee away ;
This constant lesson, too, I taught —
That Love is naught.

I delved in old scholastic lore,
And passed my days in quiet rooms,
Bent, deep with thought, on ancient tomes ;
And if there came, by some odd chance,
A tender tale across the page,
Some lightsome bit of old romance,
I whispered quick — least harm should brew —
This is not true.

Now bold I walk Life's broadest ways,
And meet a hundred women's eyes ;
Yet still my heart in quiet lies,
And all their guile availeth naught :
Alas ! there is one gentle maid,
Whose soft eyes turned to tender thought
Can make my Heart — poor, simple wight —
Wild with delight.

March 21.

Sewall Carroll Brackett.

INTO THE DARK.

FIVE years ago tonight, I saw him for the first time: five minutes ago, now as the clock is striking midnight, I saw him for the last time. We shall never meet again: he has gone and another—. She was with him, is with him now, and the train is taking them on,—to happiness, and I,—I too am going on,—to misery.

How I hate him, this man that has spoiled my life. And I hate her now, this woman that I once loved,—I hate her because she loves him, that's all. But he has gone, has never been, and she is as she once was years ago. How I love her, long for her, worship her.... I'm dreaming! Time doesn't wait: that was all years ago, before he came and, curse him, took away her love and then herself. Yes! five years ago he stole her love, tonight he stole her and, I can see them side by side, whispering together, while the train,—what's that?—Oh! yes! the train rumbling out over the West Bridge. Would to God, it might fall through, deep deep down into the river.

I bade them both good-bye; I cursed him and I looked at her; he neither heard nor saw, but she saw my face close to the window and she turned white. I don't suppose I was pleasant to look at. The glass will tell. My God! I can't even look at myself.

How happy I was five years ago! before the trouble came at the bank, before he had come to anger me with his handsome face, before he knew "her."

How wild I was when she met him and began to talk of him to me, to praise his courage and manliness in working so hard: he, a rich man's son. And then, when the money was stolen: how happy I really was to think his character might be darkened in the world's eyes and in hers. But they couldn't convict any

of us; it was cleverly done, and, though for a time it looked black for him, he got off, and I was sorry. But she was glad and when I raved, saying and telling things to her (I never knew what I did at those times), she was unhappy, and then indifferent except when I spoke of him. And finally she was cold and broke with me, (at the same time, she broke my heart, I think), and he more than filled my place. Now—now, the end has come. They were married tonight and have gone away,—to happiness. I saw it as I looked at them sitting in the bright car, while I stood outside in the dark. I saw it in his cursed black face and in her sweet blue eyes: and I, I am going—to misery. Whew! How cold it is! The fire's out; no matter, there's no need for me to be warm.

Why have I got that in my hand? Well! I hardly know. It's a long time since I used it. A pretty little weapon: I think it has five chambers: yes! one, two, three, four, five! I remember that afternoon by the river, let me see, five years ago, when she fired all the shots and almost cried because she couldn't break the bottle floating out beyond.... But now: Oh! Yes. It's loaded. One chamber will be enough.

Ugh! it's cold, this steel barrel; never mind, it will cool my head, So! Stop a moment, let me think. What for? Why it's very simple, I stole the money at the bank. Oh! Yes! *very* clever, but not clever enough to keep it a secret from her in one of my mad passions, when she had talked of "him." A thief and a coward? Say it if you like; they will all agree with you. A thief because she must have finer presents; a coward because I'm not afraid to die:.... What was that word? Yes! it's time, they've gone,—to happiness: I too must go—to misery.

H. De W.

COLLEGE KODAKS.

WE were camping on the shores of Lake Superior. One day about noon an old weather beaten trapper walked into our camp. He had come from the far north and now lived in a little hut upon the great lake. That evening, as we sat about our camp fire, he told us his story; that is the story of his later years, that of his younger days perhaps even *he* had forgotten. "Yes, it's a good country for game hereabouts, that's sure, but you'd ought to hunt up in the North, it's great shootin' thar." So he began, and one of us, as was natural, asked, "What made you leave such a country?" "Wal, I'll tell ye," he replied. "The Indians was down on me, cause I ketched more beaver in a day then they could in a week. They swore they'd kill me, and one fall a party of 'em set out to do it. I knew they was 'arter me, and for a long time kept clear of 'em. Then, finally, they ran on my traps, and that way followed the trail. One night I knew they was not a mile behind me. I waited till it was dark and then I crept up till I got a sight of their camp-fire. There they was, seven as ugly, red skinned devils as ye ever see. I waited a minute and then I opened on 'em. 'Twas done easy with my rifle and this seven shooter." (The old man laid his hand lovingly on the pieces.) "They didn't any of 'em get back to their village. They was 'arter my scalp; I got theirs, that's all. When my hair grows a little longer," he added after a pause, "and this beard gets a little thicker, I'm goin' back to that country. That's the place for shootin' 'arter all."

He is an American business man: there are thousands like him in every city of the Union. After a public school education he went into a store: there he worked as office boy from his fifteenth to his eighteenth year. Then he was promoted to be salesman, and married on his increased expectations. Economy was necessary to keep the wolf from the door, until finally the war came to his rescue. Lucky in everything, money flowed in, but the more that came the more he wanted. In '71 he built a showy house on Commonwealth Avenue and bought a large country place near Beverley. Now he is but forty-five though he feels old age creeping

over him. Accustomed from boyhood to get up at six and go to bed at nine, he is lost if he changes these hours. Accustomed to hard work, now that the time has come to take life easily, he finds himself unable to do so. Not only does he take a feverish delight in the excitement of making more money, but his life is a blank without his business: he does not care for reading; of sports he desires nothing and cares less; of society he is both afraid and scornful. Yet he tries to think he is happy, tries to think he has led the most useful of lives: "Look at me, my boy" he says "I began to work when I was fifteen and I have not taken one holiday yet: you've got to work—to get on in this life."

Miss Almira and Miss Serena sat in the living room. It was very quiet there and cool. A kind of green twilight came through the closed blinds, intensified by the big bunches of asparagus over the mirror and the gilt framed photographs on the wall. Miss Almira was shelling peas for dinner, and Miss Serena was making Macrame lace. In low tones they discussed well worn bits of gossip, and then there were long pauses. "Look's like we'd have a shower," said Miss Almira. Soon big raindrops began to beat a monotonous tune on the tin piazza roof. Suddenly came the clatter of a rickety open wagon up the drive, then a burst of young voices and laughter. "Land who can that be?" said Miss Almira. She went to the door. Half a dozen young people were on the sacred front piazza. "Would you be so kind as to take us in until it stops raining?" they asked. In a moment they were all in the living room, Miss Almira was fussing hospitably about them, and Miss Serena had gone down cellar for a plate of doughnuts. For an hour they laughed and chatted to the old ladies. One of the girls opened the old piano and then they all sang a lot of gay college songs. When the shower was over and they had said a grateful good-bye Miss Serena and Miss Almira stood at the window and watched them out of sight. Then Miss Almira began to hum one of the songs they had just heard, then she sighed, and said, "Sereny I wish we saw young folks oftener."

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF VILLEFRANCHE.

THE sun had gone down behind the long, low promontory of Antifes; the Western sky was covered with fast darkening, ruddy clouds; and toward the East, the shore, dotted with white towns, was fast disappearing in the twilight. Near by lay the narrow harbor of Villefranche, with its hills where among reddish rocks, stately Stone pines and countless cacti grew. At the end of the harbor on some great black rocks which rose high above the Mediterranean, stood a lighthouse. The keeper had lighted the lamp and was just winding up the machinery which was to keep it revolving until daylight returned. He was a regular old sea dog, with small, sharp little eyes and such deep wrinkles all over his face that one was forever expecting it to fall to pieces.

"*Nom d'un chien*, that I should have let that beggar of an assistant go off for to-night. Oh yes, the sea looks calm enough now. But an old salt like me: he doesn't believe in any of your landlubber predictions that those "*gredins*" in Paris send down. No one could have told to what outbursts such reflections would have led old father Nicochon, had not a fresh voice called just then from below: "*Père*, the soup is ready." The old man's ill humor disappeared instantly, and as he went down the winding stairs and caught a whiff of his favourite fish soup, his "*bouillabaise*," he even whistled snatches of the "*Marsaillaise*."

The lowest room in the lighthouse served as kitchen and dining room: it was round and had two little slits of windows. The furniture consisted of a stove, half a dozen straw-seated chairs, a deal table covered with oil cloth and a cheaply framed lithograph of the Virgin appearing to a sinking ship. A glass petroleum lamp swung over the table as the lighthouse keeper with his wife and daughter sat down to the "*bouillabaise*."

The wife was enormous and wore a soiled white calico dress which made her look still larger: the daughter was about eighteen and, with a face like a modern Italian Madonna,

wore a bright plaid shawl over her shoulders fastened with a vulgar coral pin.

They had all been eating for about fifteen minutes, the dinner was fast disappearing and not a word had been said. Suddenly, the old man's face grew crimson, his eyes dilated and became fixed, "*Nom de nom*" came from his colored lips and then he sat as though petrified. The women had sprung to his side terrified, ejaculating in chorus: "*Saine Vierge*, Holy Virgin": they rubbed his hands, called him frantically by name, poured water on his head, all to no purpose: he had been struck dead by apoplexy. A half hour passed before either mother or daughter took in the situation: at last it came home to them and the mother wept hysterically, while the daughter sat bolt upright by the table, staring at the dead man terrified and dazed.

All at once came a shock which made the plates rattle, followed by distant shouts and cries. The girl sprang to her feet and rushed to the narrow window: everything outside was dark, not a thing could be made out; yet all the while came those shouts from no great distance. In a moment there was a terrible explosion and then a hazy light rapidly growing larger.

"*Mère*, there's a fog and the Corsican boat has struck on the rock: she's all ablaze, Holy Virgin have mercy, what shall we do?"

The mother looked up for a moment: "It's fate: the world's coming to an end," said she, and then she wept again.

The utter desolation of the situation, the very weakness of the mother, seemed to give the girl courage: she had had no experience of danger, yet the thought that hundreds of human beings were dying within earshot, that a rowboat lay carelessly drawn upon the rocks, made her feel that her duty was to save those men. Hardly knowing what she did, with her brain in a whirl, she opened the trap door in the floor and rushed down the cold, damp stairs to the iron door of the lighthouse. The key was in

the lock: she pulled, and the door sprung open. In a few moments the little boat was skimming over the glassy sea to where great sheets of flame cleared the fog.

* * *

The glorious sun of the Riviera was just rising over the white village of Bordighera: among the red rocks, the lizards were crawling out into the light, in the Stone pines the birds were singing and all nature seemed full of joy. At the lighthouse, standing out there alone, something unusual was going on. The rocks were covered with people, while rowboats and pinnaces were flying to and from the mainland.

Far and wide half charred timbers were floating about on the sea and human bodies burned and hideous lay scattered along the shore.

"Who is it?" asked an old fisherman, with a red cap hanging over one ear, and so saying he elbowed his way into a knot of people gathered about the ghastly remains of a young girl.

"Père Nicochon's daughter: *que diable* if any one can tell how she came on the 'Corse.' But there have been rumors afloat: doves must be guarded or else they'll fly away. Pretty women are not the stuff eagles are made of, especially when they're left to their own sweet will."

H. P. D.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THE boulder gave way where we were standing gazing across the valley, and we fell. A dense mist seemed to close in around me and to stifle me, until my thoughts scattered and left me senseless,—for how long I do not know.

As the waking from a dream, consciousness slowly came back to me. I found myself lying at the threshold of a rough pine hut, in full sight of a glorious mountain dome above; but though I knew where I was, I could not remember how I had got there. Just over the mountain's rocky shoulder a white peak towered into the deep blue sky; and the rays of the setting sun, tinting the snow, threw a pink haze down over the pines below. I drew myself painfully towards the light; but a sickening dizziness seized me, and I fell back heavily on the ground. All at once, as I lay gazing at the snowy peak, outlined sharply through the still air, I heard a thin, far-away bugle-call, which seemed to rise up from the green valley below. Clearer and clearer it grew; and almost imperceptibly it divided into two streams, which themselves branched away into sounding chords, until the rushing harmony echoed grandly back and forth from the snowy peak off in the sky, to the sun-clouds and the mountain sides.

Now the soft pink light grew brighter, and began to glow and quiver so that it dazzled me

to look at it. The harmony rushed on in an ever-increasing volume, as the glow grew more intense. I thought I could see figures above me in the golden light, who were producing the glorious sounds. They seemed to come from the great white peak, and to bear the music in their voices. But soon they began to fade away into the awful glare around; which now seemed to burn into my very soul, and stifle my thought, until consciousness began to go. The wonderful sounds grew fainter, as though receding into the distance again; a great black band of darkness seemed suddenly to be drawn around me, and my mind became a blank.

Once again I seemed to awake, and I felt as though I were tossing on a restless sea. I heard vague, far-off murmurings; but I could neither see anything nor make any sound. My memory was gone; but my thoughts were wild and ungovernable, so that I felt as though I were a spirit, free from any earthly body. Yet when I tried to move I could not, for I was bound tightly, and my struggles weakened me. Suddenly I felt as though I were sinking,—then falling through a frightful distance into a limitless black gulf: and once more all consciousness left me.

Slowly my flying dreams collected, and became quiet, and once more I opened my eyes.

I found myself lying on a rough couch in a little cottage; and near my bed stood my brother and three mountaineers, rough and weather-beaten, but kindly.

"That music!" I murmured confusedly, "It was—"

"Hush," said a voice, "don't try to talk."

I raised myself with difficulty on my elbow. "What has happened to me?" I asked, as my mind became calmer and clearer.

"We found you on the mountain," said my brother in a low voice, laying his hand on my forehead, "and carried you down here last night."

All at once a flood of recollection rushed over me. I remember how I had started up the mountain the day before, with three others; how we had overbalanced the rock on which we were standing; how we had fallen—

"My God, where are the others!" I gasped, in horror.

"Be quiet," said my brother, pressing me back against the pillow. "The others—we haven't found them yet. You were badly hurt when you fell; but you must have crawled into the little hut where we found you last night."

A. E. B.

OLD SAM.

HE was an old New England fisherman, named Samuel Goodnow. The first time I saw him, he was sitting before some fish-houses, which, standing almost at the water's edge, formed the most conspicuous part of the little fishing village where he lived. It was towards evening and he was evidently resting after the day's work. With his white head thrown back; his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, and great wreaths of smoke rising in clouds from his old clay pipe, he looked the picture of content. He was surrounded by a crowd of small boys, who were urging him to tell them a story. I saw all this from a distance, but being a "city boy," I hesitated to join the group, fearing lest the little fishermen might not like the intrusion. Old Sam, however, saw me, and taking his pipe from his mouth, shouted, "Come 'long youngster, I'm going to tell a story." No one could have resisted the good natured smile with which he accompanied the invitation and in a moment I was one of the group.

I don't now remember any of the yarns he spun. They were all of the sea and, as he said, "My own happ'nings," but beyond that I can recall very little. I do, however, remember the old man's face as he told these stories to us boys, standing around him with open mouths. His great blue eyes changed with the course of his story. They looked stern and almost cruel when he spoke of mutiny; they

brightened when he told us of the great storm, and they grew soft as a woman's when he told how he buried Jack, his old sea-mate. And then, when he had finished, I remember well his last words to us:

"Now boys, I hav'n't succeeded over well, but I've al'ers tried to do my best, and that's what I tell you to do. When y'er as old as I am, ye'll see that life aint much to live for, besides standing by y'er fam'ly and y'er mate and sticking to the old ship till the last plank sinks. Good night, boys; be good."

I knew the old man well that summer. Whenever the other fishermen went out, Sam, though he was nearly eighty, went with them, and when in the evening the little fleet returned, his boat was sure to have done its share in providing for the great Boston fish-markets. Every man, woman, and child in that village loved him and well they might, for I heard more than one story of how Sam, when times were hard, helped some poor widow or orphan out of their troubles with his little savings.

After that summer I heard nothing of the old man for three years. Then, one cold winter morning, as I sat warming my feet before the open fire, I read in the newspaper the following:

"Gallant rescue of the crew of the Schooner Mary, wrecked off Gloucester. One of the rescuers, Samuel Goodnow, the only man drowned."

That was all I cared to read. The next

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

April 20. Base Ball. Harvard 2; Worcester. 6.

Hasty Pudding Theatricals. "The Obispah" and
and "Two Old Grads."

April 21. Fencing Club Election. Pres. S. L. Crom-
well '92; Vice Pres. F. W. Johnson '92; Sec. C. R.
Falk '93; Treas. W. D. Boardman.

College Conference—Prof. Palmer.

April 22. Base Ball. Harvard 70. Dartmouth 0.

April 23. Base Ball. Harvard 5; Dartmouth 1.

Classical Club. Lecture on "Roman Marriage

and Roman Women" by Prof. W. G. Hale of Cor-
nell.

Harvard Union—Prize Debate. Won by J. F.
Morton '92.

April 24. Base Ball—Harvard 6; Brown 1.
Ninety Four 11; Exeter 8.

April 27. Base Ball. Harvard 7; Lowell 12.

Class series. Ninety Four 9; Ninety Three 0.

April 27. Harvard Reform Club. Addresses by Dr.
Wm. Everett on "The Ethics of Political Service."

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